THE

High-Church Bully:

OR,

The Praiſes of Mr. *HIGGINS.*

HAD I but, Sir, Ability and Skill,
To ſpeak thy Praiſes, equal to my Will,
My forward Pen wou'd lift thy Memory
Beyond the wrathful Silence of Envy.
Shall *Ravillac* his then firſt Fame Commence,
From baſely murd'ring a Brave Chriſtian Prince?
And don't our Preſſes owe thee far much more,
Who wou'dſt thy Exil'd K——g, kindly reſtore?
Shall *Heroſtratus* ſtill Survive in Story,
Who won, by Burning the Heathen Fane, ſuch Glory?
And doſt not thou Deſerve a Kinder Turn,
Who wou'dſt both *Whiggs* and *Whiggiſh Temples* Burn?
Thy Brother *Harry*'s Opportune Eſſays,
Exalt his Name, and ſpread his Swelling Praiſe:
Equal Encomiums ſure thou canſt not miſs,
Thy Flaming Tongue has ſaid as much as his.
Hail mighty Prieſt! Heroick Son of *Aaron*,
What Daring Feats haſt thou perform'd thy Share on?
With Hoſtile Brav'ry, Damn'd the Revolution,
And brought the Gaſping Whiggs almoſt to Diſſolution.
True to thy Cauſe, Irreſolute to flinch,
Witneſs thy Awful Conqueſt of the *Bench*;
Where with uplifted Hand thou foil'd the Board,
Confuſion to Diſſenters was the Word:
Oh! how they ſhrunk, and Trembling took Alarm,
At Brandiſhing thy Thunder-bearing Arm!
Untaught, to yield, brave Stand-faſt, ever ſtrong,
Great *ne plus ultra* of the Whiggiſh Throng!
They dread thy Weighty Arm and Fulminating Tongue.
Mirror of Courage mixt with Manly Pride,
Thou bravely layſt Unmanly Grace aſide,
As quite unfit to Stem th' Unpaſſive Tide,
Of Whiggiſh Factions, that muſt needs o'erwhelm thee,
Hadſt thou but bare Unfighting Grace, wherewith to helm thee.
But ſtung with Daring Rage thou wilt prevail,
By Volleys of Gigantick roaring Zeal:
Thy Warlike Boldneſs doth all Foes ſubdue,
Where Peaceful Grace, alas! cou'd little do.
Thus *Rome*, whoſe Footſteps you ſo cloſely Tread,
Great *Rome!* thy Mother-Church, and Darling Head;
When all her Arguments are wanting Force,
To more Convincing Fire and Faggot, hath recourſe;
And that thou'rt Ally'd to the Triple Crown,
Thy Brother *Laughton* can Inform the Town:
Back'd by the Pope thou never canſt be Poor,
Whilſt thou ſtands *Bully* for the *Scarlet Whore*;
What tho' the ſtiff-neck'd Whiggs ſometime retard thee,
Her *Whoreſhip* (certainly) will well reward thee,
For Preaching Non-Reſiſtance to her Son,
Who's by *Reſiſting Whiggs* almoſt undone;

If thy Bold Truths 'gainſt *A—ne* coſt thee a Priſon,
What's *Loyalty* to him, to her is *Treaſon*.
Thou boldly prov'd before the City *Prætor*
That *Liberty* and *Right*, have a pernicious Nature;
That they're made uſe of as a ſtalking Stallion,
For Trooping Whiggs to Ride on to *Rebellion*;
Theſe bloody Watch-words loſt old *J——s* his Throne,
And the ſame Whiggiſh *Cant*, deſtroys the Son.
The *Gown* and *Smock* are thy equal Admirers;
The *Convocation* proves the *Jury* Liars;
The *Friendly Junto's* ſatisfy'd, and knows,
Thou art a *Sober Prieſt*, as ever pluck'd Man's Noſe;
And tho' thy *Sermon* happen'd to be *Burn'd*,
Twas in Reſiſting Day: ſure the *Tunes* were *Turn'd*.
Now for the *Nymphs*; thy Doctrine there prevails,
They tamely turn to thee their *Non-Reſiſting* Tails;
Whene'er thy *Riſing Cod-Piece* falls a working,
They lift their Smocks, and *Paſſively* take Jerking;
There's no *Reſiſting* there, they muſt comply,
The Hero *Conquers* ſure, who mounts ſo high.
A Univerſal Name thou merits fully,
At once a *Prieſt*, a *Champion*, and a *Bully*.
If ſuch there be as bid thee a Defiance,
Thy frightful *Paws* ſoon ſcare 'em to Compliance.
Thou haſt a *Conquring Arm*, and *Converting Tool*,
How dare then Whigs call thee an *Hair-brain'd Fool*?
Thou art the Gayeſt Fellow e'er was whelped,
When in thy State thou Climbs the *Paſſive* Pulpet;
Puff'd with ſome furious Pow'r, thy Lungs do *Roar*,
Vengeance and *Death* to all that will not *Soar*,
As high as thee, *Scotus*, or Doctor *Suarez*,
Againſt whoſe Gain-ſayers thy conſtant Wrath is.
Thy Fiſt, when't makes the *Suffering* Pulpit crack,
Methinks, I ſee a Peal of *Lightning* break;
Thy fiery Words with cutting Kennels fly,
Like painted Rockets darting to the Sky;
Now Damn'ſt our Dutch *Redeemer* and his *Cauſe*,
Then curſeſt *Anti-Arbitrary Laws*;
Now loudly *Raves* againſt *Soft Moderation*,
Then leaps upon the *Hanover-Succeſſion*;
Now mightily extols all *High-Church Ranters*,
Now laſhes all *Falſe Brethren* and *Diſſenters*.
A Pulpit *Comit*, thou, a *Blazing Star*,
With *Peſtilential Breath*, denouncing *Civil War*.
No matter what the Text ſays, thou'll apply't,
No matter how, ſo as thy Cauſe gains by't.
Thou know'ſt thy *Stickling* for *Proud Tyranny*,
Will, with thy hop'd for *Change*, bring thee a *Biſhop's See*.
Fear not Oblivion when thou'rt dead and gone,
Thy *Speaking Duſt* will aſſail *ANNA's* Throne,
And *Rome* and *France* will their *Dead Agent* own.
And if thy Soul ſhould fly as high as Heaven,
By *Peter's* Keys thy Entrance will be given;
Or if it *rather fly* to Shades *Below*,
Thy *Friendſhip's* made with *Pluto* e'er thou *Go*.

FINIS.